

Engene N. Coe

VOL. VI.]

[NO. 1.]

THE

NASSAU MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1846.



"LEGERE ET NON SCRIBERE EST DOMINA."

PRINCETON, N. J.

PRINTED BY JOHN T. ROBINSON.

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[No. I.]

ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.

It is ever a pleasing task to look around us upon the affairs of the busy present, and more pleasing perhaps to some, to look forward into the future, for "the cheerful expecter of the best hath a fountain of joy within him." But when we are called upon to recede, and raise the dark pall which Time has spread over the records of the Past, we find it extremely painful, and the glare and sunshine of our own fleeting day, often in mockery throws too strong a light on the dreary picture. And it is a dreary picture, this portion of time which men designate as Past; with its blighted hopes and fair delusions. It is true, that it is composed of the lights and shadows of existence; but this light is only the false coloring that serves to render the darkness more hideous and appalling. It is a painful thing, then, to look upon the past, and we perform this duty in a manner which shows too clearly its disagreeable nature. Men are too prone, in considering its transactions, to judge them as if they had taken place at a later day, and to compare the uncultivated mind of man, as it first came from the hands of his Creator, with those mightier intellects, who have enjoyed every advantage. We look about us, and reflect very complacently on our own exalted situation, and thank God that our lot was not cast in days of ignorance and error. Where is that forgiving spirit which should ever be the one bright spot in

the character of man? Where is that gentle forbearance which should teach us to look kindly upon the actions of those who possess fewer advantages than ourselves? This is the way in which many have been accustomed to regard the forms and ceremonies of many nations of antiquity; and thus it has been in regard to ancient mythology. There are many who will talk and write at length, on the weakness, as they term it, of this old system of religion; they will tell us of its ridiculous fallacies, framed only to strike awe and terror into the minds of wild and ungovernable people; but such men are wrong—they seek not after truth, but look only at the vain show and semblance of things. To us, this old mythology, rising up in all its rude and primeval grandeur, is full of interest. Others may speak of its weakness, or its fallacies, but we can see in it naught but that stern sincerity which is the foundation of everything that is true and real, that sincerity which characterized the age in which it originated. It comes up to us from the dim valley of the past, hoary with the frost of centuries: at its approach, the tinsel glare of the present fades from our sight, and we stand in a world of ideal creation. The impetuous torrent rushing onward in its headlong course, the gentle rivulet murmuring its evening song to the green trees bending over it, as if wooing its embraces—the lofty mountain, towering in majesty above—the valley sleeping in quiet loveliness beneath—all seem to us to image forth some blessed Deity, and breathe into our souls their spirit of divinity. We wander on, wrapt in meditation; but the scene changes—darkness gathers over the earth, and one by one the gentle stars shine forth, as if to scare away the darkness—and now the inhabitants of this old world pass before our imagination—old age is there, with the wrinkle on the brow and its tottering pace; youths and maidens are there, with the gay glance and the sunny smile; the evil, too, are there, with the averted look and crouching form; and it may be that we see the dread assassin on his nightly round, and it may be that we watch him stealthily approaching his victim, and bending over him, and we may even pause to mark the agonies of the dying man. But no—the hand of the murderer is palsied, the instrument of death drops from his grasp—and why? Why is it; but

that all nature seems to cry aloud to him in one universal voice, and that he sees in the creature at his feet, more plainly than in all, the image of the Godhead. But this is past. This old world with its old forms is now as though it were not—those pure, deep fountains of affection that welled up in the human heart, have been broken up and destroyed—and where shall mythology, the parent of all these, the dispenser of such blessings to those early times, find a resting place? It has long since mouldered in the grave of oblivion—and the weeds and thistles which prejudice with so unsparing a hand, has scattered over its mound, have flourished so luxuriantly, that it is with difficulty we discover those sweeter flowers of affection that bloom beneath. Let us then strive to clear away some of the dust and rubbish which has accumulated about the ruins of this ancient stately edifice, and see if we cannot find amid its mouldering relics, some faint traces of its former grandeur. Who are these men of olden time, whose theories we are so apt to condemn? Who are those who, amid the turmoil and trouble of an uncivilized world, could give birth to such sublime and lofty sentiments, and create a form of worship, which, however inconsistent and imperfect, was productive of such beneficial effects to mankind! They are the pillars of this great temple of knowledge which we boast to have been erected—remove them, do away with them, and the vast fabric which was raised with so much*care and toil, will crumble into ruins; for where in this weak, enervating day, will we find a foundation lasting enough for such a structure. They looked abroad over the varied field of nature, and learned the lesson that it taught; and as their rude minds reflected on the wonders of creation, as their thoughts wandered from the starry firmament on high, to the simple flower that blossomed at their feet, it was natural they should see in every object some spirit of divinity, and love to worship it. It was natural they should derive their ideas of a God from the mute teachings of nature. We have said that it was natural; we now go further, and say that it was necessary; that it was the only form in which religion could impress itself upon barbarous and uncultivated minds. Genius is not frugal of her inestimable benefits; she shows them equally upon the creature of an unenlightened and

of a civilized age; but while the abilities of the former are suffered to run wild, and produce no lasting effects; those of the latter, under peculiar advantages, fostered beneath the sheltering wing of knowledge, expand themselves, and tend ever towards perfection. The mental faculties then of man in early times, must act, as certainly as the mind of man must be employed at the present day, and if it has no field of action, if it has no light to guide it through the devious and intricate paths of reflection, it must turn back and prey upon itself. It is not possible for man to pass through life, thoughtless of his origin and destiny; there are moments when the all-important question will come home to him, and the soul acquire its supremacy—is the dark, cold grave whither I am hastening, to be my final resting place? shall I have struggled on against the cares and troubles of life, merely to gain a shroud? and shall my soul, capable of improvement to the end of time, with its noble aspirations, sleep forever? These are the questions which every man that ever lived, has been forced to make; and he must come to the conclusion, that our life in this world, is but a preparation for a higher, more enduring one; that all nature is but a type of some higher power that guides and governs all things. And as this great truth reveals itself, as it grows day by day, stronger and more fixed in the untutored mind, the man feels that he must give it forth—those minute yet wonderful workings of the universe, which were before unnoticed by him, now rise up in all their grandeur before his heated imagination, and these embodied thoughts, tinctured more or less with the superstition of the times in which he lives, form his religion—"the world thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration." Oh, divine! oh! transcendent power of intellect! that, shaking off the trammels which darkness and superstition may have thrown around it, can look beyond the narrow precincts of this world, and trace its origin and destiny—can discover truth even in the smallest object, and "look from nature up to nature's God." This is the view we should take of ancient mythology; to behold it in all its aspects, to consider more fully its effects upon a society, bound together by no law and knowing no control, would be to speak of that which must be evident to all, and would

engross too much of our attention on what may be esteemed an old and trifling subject. But if we should have called into being one pleasing recollection of the past. If we should have aroused in the breast of any, a feeling similar to that with which we regard this subject, our highest anticipations shall have been realized. It is true, that this old religion is unavoidably clouded by the mists of superstition that enveloped those early ages. It is true, that compared to the divine light of revelation that has been shed over the world, it is but the dim lamp, glaring upon the prison walls of our existence. But we should remember "there is nothing so true that the damps of error have not warped it, verily, there is nothing so false that a sparkle of truth is not in it." And to the clear and impartial mind, which, throwing aside the prejudices of to-day, can look back upon the transactions of the past, it will be found to contain much for salutary consideration; flowers of the rarest and most beautiful order, will be found blooming amid its wild and tangled shrubbery, and what is most important, through the maze of ignorance and error into which it may sometimes lead us, we are able to discover, to cheer us on and compensate us for our trouble—Truth, deep, earnest, Godlike Truth.

S. Y.

A FRAGMENT.

Time steals apace, and in its crowded train,
Are seen the smiles of joy, the tears of pain;
To one each coming day new pleasure brings,
While others find no hope to cheer their wanderings,—
Our joys are fraught with sorrow, here we see
Heart-breaking want, and wasting misery,
While in the midst—to mock the mourner's voice,
Fortune looks kindly down, and bids the world rejoice.
Behold yon squalid hut, no genial ray,
E'er enters there to cheer the weary day,
No fairy hope—spirit of brighter sphere,
E'er stoops her wing, or deigns to linger here;
But utter darkness, linked with bitter sorrow,
All misery to-day, no brighter fate to-morrow.
Here want o'er bleeding hearts erects his throne,

Supremely rules, yet trembling at his own,
Views with a miser's eye his vast domain,
And rises at each throb of mortal pain.

Yet are all human ills to such confined,
Are there not griefs that rack the tortur'd mind?
Are there not some who, blessed with plenty's store,
Feel their own nothingness, and long for more?
Yes, there are such. Pale watcher by the shore
Of that vast ocean, whose eternal roar
Strikes awe to thousands, nerve your palsied arm,
Shake off the terrors which your soul alarm,
Strain every power of vision o'er that dread abyss,
And grieve not for the want of sublunary bliss.
The world is wide—than ours a keener mind
Must trace the joys and sorrows of human kind,
Must tell the good and ill that chequer life,
What gives the dross its gold, this world its strife.
Nor would this place admit—the harp of time,
Since first the all-glorious sun mounted the heavens sublime,
Has to the listening world its varying music given,
At times by zephyrs soft, and now by tempests driven,
Then how could I describe in measures cold,
This broken harmony upon the human soul—
Mine be the task to speak of college days,
Give every pain its force, and every joy its praise.
Look at our little world, and there behold
The perils of the race, the all-important goal.
What are the student's trials? are they real?
Or prejudice which time has dared to seal—
What do we find in learning's fond pursuit,
To chill our ardor, or arouse our doubt?
'Tis this—we cannot realize the fact,
The day will come when every man must act;
That in this little sphere, we should prepare for life,
And amid lesser troubles, arm for greater strife—
The great world is before us, each moment on its way,
Brings us still nearer that eventful day,
When freed from all restraints, we venture forth and meet
The waves of discord breaking at our feet.
Throw off all lethargy, gain dignity of mind,
And be an ornament to human kind,
Act that posterity may revere your name,
And live a votary at the shrine of fame.
But is the road to fame so freely gained?
No! Pilgrims to this shrine, tired, travel-stained,
Rising o'er every barrier in their mad career,
Oft reach its portal, but to perish there.
Yet some there are who o'er life's rugged way,
Have seen the dawning of a better day,
Who by the light of Fortune's favoring star,

Have caught a gleam tho' distant and afar,
Of happier days, when the aspiring soul,
May gain the height of fame, may reach the wished-for goal.
Strive then that on the world's arena wide,
Where struggling thousands half victorious died,
You may erect your standard firm and high,
Proud monument to Fame's eternity.
But why the future's darker depths explore,
Why pine to know what time may have in store
For each of us, when years have stolen away
Bright youth and energy, possessions of a day;
Sufficient if time's music ever brings
The harmony which now is trembling on its strings.
But there are kindlier pleasures of the mind,
Which we who linger here must ever find;
Our social intercourse, exempt from common pains
Which vex the greater world, supremely reigns—
No gloomy cloud at disaffection's call,
E'er shrouds the brightness, with its murky pall.
But each tho' filled with joy, or bowed by sorrow lone,
Still finds a heart that beats responsive to his own—
Sweet flower of friendship, nursed by virtue's hand,
Doomed but to perish in a colder land,
Beneath old Nassau's cool and fostering shade,
What varying beauties hast thou not displayed;
Who has not felt thy breathing incense rise,
A holy offering, emblem of the skies,
And ere he turned to bid these scenes farewell,
Which thou hast brightened with thy magic spell,
Plucked from thy glittering stem some bud or flower,
A sovereign balm to cheer through many a weary hour.
Oh, may no adverse storm, no unpropitious gale,
With cruel force thy tender form assail,
May no rude foot, with sacrilegious tread,
E'er strive to crush thee on thy lowly bed:
But oh, may vernal showers and zephyrs mild,
Visit with dalliance soft this flowret, Virtue's child,
And o'er whose joyous birth, fond Hope and Love have smiled.

THE AYRSHIRE PLOUGHMAN.

"There have been loftier themes than his
And longer swells, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death ;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there ;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair."

The creations of Genius have ever been the subjects of warm admiration, and rigid animadversion. They have always furnished material for extravagant eulogy and sarcastic criticism. There is scarcely an author, whether among the living or dead, whose productions have been stamped almost by universal acclamation, as the creations of lofty genius, but has fallen under the severe censure of some, while encomiums have been freely lavished upon him by others. The latter class are distinguished for noble disinterestedness, who rejoice in the rising fame of their admired authors—but the former have a spice of envy or prejudice which forbids them to pay due homage to exalted intellect. To a mind of acute sensibilities, the praises of the former are as animating as the disparagements of the latter are humiliating. What drove Byron and Shelly from their native shores, to pass their lives in exile? But among the many who have been decried, by the calumny and foul slander of this disapproving class of critics, Burns stands pre-eminent. It was shortly after the publication of his first book of poems, that he resolved to seek a livelihood, away from his native hills, beyond the ocean, amid the recently discovered wilds. But fortunately he was disappointed, and we have not to annex another name to the list of those, who have been allowed to drag out a wretched existence, only that their feeble countrymen might raise, as if in mockery, the towering monument over their cold remains. No! thanks to the noble hearted Scotchmen, he was appreciated and honored while living, and when death removed him from this world, a nation mourned his loss. His character and genius, though reviled by some, adorn one of the brightest pages in Literary History. Ardent and confiding by nature, he always laid himself open to the inspection of the world. His origin, though humble, he never blushed to own, but rather gloried in it; he tells us in the dedication of one of his poems "that the poetic genius of his country found him, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him." Notwithstanding

his humble origin and pressing poverty he always found time to devote to the cultivation of his mind. His buoyant spirit ever rose above the trammeling inconveniences, to which his penury subjected him. Nature around him was full of life and why need he be despondent, so long as he could hold sweet communion with her works. His first productions were never intended for the public eye—though they possess a sweetness and vivacity almost unrivalled. They were the promptings of an honest heart and sincere affection and he felt amply repaid if he could but delight his brothers and friends—if he could win an approving smile from his loved, blue eyed Mary. This was the height of his ambition and little did he dream as he sat down after the day's labor "to sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of his native soil," in his native tongue, that he should one day be proclaimed the national poet. In his earlier effusions his muse gives strong indications of that wonderful flexibility for which it was afterwards so distinguished. Unlike that of most poets it could play familiarly with any subject. Whether seated like Manfred on some projecting cliff, overlooking the country stretched beneath, or composing a part of the social circle around the blazing hearth of some honest cottager, relating the charms and spells of "Halloween." Whether inditing a moral lay or a Bacchanalian song. Whether in "auld Kirk Alloway" with his jovial friend "Tam O' Shanter, admiring

"The warlocks and witches in a dance"

with

"Auld Nick in shape of beast
A towzie tyke, black grim and large
To gie them music,"

or on the bloody fields of Bannockburn, exhorting his countrymen to drive back the fierce invaders from their native soil, we can see pervading the whole, the glowing genius of Burns. He enters upon all his writings with his whole soul. When writing to his "Bonnie Lassie," he is all love. The revered names of Bruce and Wallace, recall to his mind the long and determined resistance of his countrymen to foreign aggression. The cloaked iniquity of the clergy often roused his honest indignation, and drew

forth his bitter, biting sarcasm. But amid these varied qualities of the man, there was one which always commands our respect and excites our love for the writer—it is his kindness of heart. This was a part of his very nature. Half of the profits arising from the sale of the first edition of his poems, he gratuitously gave to his brother. No one, friend or foe ever left his door hungry or in want, he always sent them on their way rejoicing. On seeing a wounded hare leap by which a fellow had just shot at—he breaks out—

“Inhuman man! curse on thy murderous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye!
May never pity sooth thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains;
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.”

While most critics acknowledge the superiority of his genius, there are others, who would deprive us of its beautiful creations, simply because, he at times suffered his passions to get the better of his judgment. His frank acknowledgment of his faults—his resolves and re-resolves to overcome them—his social and ardent nature—his sensible kindness of heart—his deep and lasting respect for the humble society from which he sprung. Will not these and a thousand other laudable characteristics, atone in part for his weaknesses.

He has also been charged with acting unkindly in his family; but is it probable that the man, who settled one half of his little fortune on his brother, whose heart was so keenly touched by the sight of a wounded hare, would act unjustly towards his wife. Yet, even this has been insinuated by one of his biographers. These calumnies have been refuted by one of his own countrymen. But suppose that they were true, that he was an indifferent and dissipated husband, can that cause us to admire less those sweet effusions “that slip into the heart just like light, no one knows how, filling its chambers sweetly and silently, and leaving nothing more for perfect contentment?” Can we pardon nothing in the age or circumstances, with

which he was surrounded? If we should be as rigid in our demands, even at this day, we would find as much to condemn, without the same magnanimity of soul and integrity of purpose to relieve these occasional indulgences.

The highest tribunal to which an author can appeal, and on whose judgment he may confidently rely, is public opinion. What poet has ever occupied a more enviable situation in the estimation of his countrymen. His name is an household word, nurtured and protected by the warm hearts of an honest peasantry. His poems are in every hamlet, cottage and palace throughout the length and breadth of his native land, and are loved and cherished as the affectionate child loves and cherishes the words of his departed parent. With honest pride can they inquire

"What bird in beauty, flight or song
Can with this bird compare
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong
As ever child of air?"

This feeling is not confined to Scotland,—year after year do the self-exiled Caledonians assemble round the festal board to celebrate that day which ushered into existence their own national poet. There while they confess "that he wrote much which a just regard to his own reputation would have suppressed and thrown into oblivion," yet do they glory that he wrote more which is worthy of admiration, which has stamped him as Scotland's national poet—which has deeply impressed his memory on the hearts of his countrymen, and rendered his name as enduring as his native tongue.

Peace to the dead! in Scotia's choir
Of minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire
The phoenix of them all.

X. N. N.

INDIVIDUALISM,—THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT.

Society seems at the present day to have assumed an unusually agitated and troubled aspect. No terrible devasta-

ting wars are raging; no great political revolutions are deranging and changing the order of affairs; no mighty genius in war, in politics or in religion has sprung up unexpectedly, by his brilliancy and enchantments to draw after him an admiring and bewildered world. Nothing of this sort is to mark the annals of the present. There seems to be something at work which may produce greater and more lasting results than all of these; which may leave traces that the future will not easily overlook. A spirit is moving on the great waters and they are evidently troubled. Anon an ominous meteor flashed athwart the horizon, portending uncertain things.

Men stand and wonder and prophecy. Not a few, with sinking hearts, can behold traced in living fire on the broad heavens, the dreadful soul astounding sentence "social dissolution." Every breeze that stirs, every cloud that overshadows, every storm that agitates is fraught with fear and trembling for their hearts; lest it should be the dread signal for old nature to change her course, and the contending elements to rush into awful, ruinous conflict. Others of more courageous and manly spirit, divesting themselves of all trifling, servile fears, unscaling their visions from stale and narrow prejudices, can see more. Hope and promise with soul cheering gladness, break upon their view from behind the dark clouds. Human progress, intellectual and moral development of the race are the grand and leading ideas held forth to their minds.

Such are the appearances of the present; and such some of the views entertained respecting their issues. Which of these is most consistent, which best founded on existing facts, which most honorable to humanity, and to God, who directs the moral as well as physical world, each one must determine. One thing is true, the timid and foreboding are not generally found to be those who most thoroughly examine and investigate and most clearly understand.

The grand leading idea of our age, manifesting itself in numerous and diversified forms, yet in all recognized the same, is Individualism. Society seems teeming with reforms. Almost every man, woman, and child, is assuming the sacred, responsible character of reformer. Often strange and misshapen, sometimes grossly absurd. At first view one may indeed be startled and alarmed at these strange movements,

and wonder what mania has seized mankind. But let not fear be premature. The multiplied *Isms* that are trumpeted abroad, though sometimes odd in form, are after all not such terrible monsters. All are merely so many indices pointing to one great, general leading principle. They are, indeed far from being the sole and correct expressions of its true spirit; but yet the undoubted indications of its reign and sway. Rank and vicious weeds may declare the strength and quality of the soil in which they flourish; but they are the sole and legitimate productions of the soil. What do *all these* indicate, but that the trammels which socialism has a tendency to cast around humanity, and which it has and does frequently so effectually cast around it, are rent asunder; and that *individualism* is walking forth in its native God-given freedom?

Those abominable systems reared for the suppression of individual force and freedom, founded in superstition, despotism and priestly tyranny and lust, are losing their strong holds on the human mind. Man need no longer abjectly bow himself in the dust before the grim idol, or be cast into the seven-fold fiery furnace. He can now stand erect in all the consciousness of native dignity, and render the homage of his heart to that God alone, who alone is worthy of his supreme regard, while he spurns in contempt the idea of submitting his heart and conscience to any other authority. Such is individualism—the true congenial element of humanity—the master spirit of the present.

The legitimate outworkings of such individual freedom are indeed bold. But are they not the counterpart to that great system of operations which we behold carried on in the works of nature around us? Yea, are they not an expression of God's own mode of operating? How little quiet is there in the world? Element conflicts almost incessantly with element. Apparent confusion and disorder may be called the order of nature. How oft does the coward's eye behold nothing but destruction and dissolution in appalling forms attend his every step. While his faint heart quakes and trembles, he would fain dethrone Him that rides in the whirlwind and rules the storm, and seat himself on the throne of the universe. Danger and destruction are the bounds of his conceptions.

——— "A universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assault his ear
With loudest vehemence."

The cheering thoughts of ultimate goodness and mercy—of that invigorating congenial state resulting from such wild processes—are excluded from his fearful mind. He is ready, in his heart, to call in question the wisdom, if not the goodness, of the great Ruler, and wish there were another God. This is cowardice; this is meanness; and none the less so in reference to moral than physical phenomena.

Man is indeed made for society. There are strong and mighty ties which connect every human being with his fellow-beings, and bring him under their influence. The grand laws of his nature are fixed, immutable. They tend gradually to mould into one congenial mass all the discordant elements of humanity. This is wise; this is benevolent. But society is no more intended to destroy individual force and freedom than light destroys the various elementary colors of which it is composed. Each retaining real and inviolate its distinguishing property may be separated from the rest; and each tells powerfully on the character of the whole. So every individual is to act nobly and manfully his part on the whole social system, and not by the loss or destruction of that individuality which marks the grandeur and divinity of his existence to become a passive, lifeless tool. The right of individual judgment, of the formation of opinion and of acting according to personal conviction, if seeking and holding fast the truth, is the sacred, inalienable God-given, right of his being; and he offends against himself and against his great author, by ceasing to cling to, maintain, and preserve this noble prerogative.

It is this that is especially recognized by our age; and it is this that is now working and may work wonders. Rulers and governments are ceasing to rest their sway on the uncertain arm of despotic power, and the rod of terror. A better foundation is sought in the free enlightened opinion of the individual. Instead of the iron hand to crush and bind, the benevolent hand to instruct, enlighten and free from the bonds of ignorance and prejudice, is

freely extended. And is it to be wondered that changes, and great changes, should be threatened; yea, even effected? When men think they will act, and act for themselves. And the best inference that can be drawn from the numerous and diversified movements and actions in society seems to be that more minds are thinking. Truth will and must eventually predominate and hold her sway amid *all* these diversities. She loves an atmosphere of activity, and is not unfriendly to contention.

The gospel—the great luminary of the present—under whose hallowed, life-giving influence the world has assumed such a wonderful change, is emphatically the friend and fosterer of this spirit, if not its essence. Its very breath and life are freedom—freedom of thought, freedom of action. Under its benign and heavenly influence, the individual breathes freely—in its divine light he beholds as in a mirror, the reflection of his own worth and God-like dignity. He beholds and feels himself indeed a man. He sees that he is worthy of confidence, and that he can and must think for himself, instead of submitting his will and conscience to any of those grim monsters who would bind and sway humanity.

It presents in strong and living light, the awfully important truth of personal accountability for opinions and faith; thus calling upon every one, in thunder tones, to refuse all submission to any earthly authority in matters of conscience and duty. It calls upon every one to contend valiantly for the truth's sake—not for what others may call truth, not for what a world may call truth—but what he himself has, by his own conscientious inquiry, found to be the truth. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, kindreds and friends, all must be forsaken, *hated*, if attachment to them conflict with or hinder the service and love of truth and of God. Such are its great features and teachings. Instead of a weak, carnal and blasphemous man whose word must be regarded as supreme, infallible truth, it presents us with the word of the living God, to be interpreted by our own good judgments sanctified by the eternal spirit.

Individualism and the gospel, then—if not synonymous—do indeed go hand in hand. Do they introduce apparent discord? Yet amid all this discord, what promise

and hope! Though men now think for themselves; though old and long revered institutions are rudely assailed and often overwhelmed; though eternal truth herself should seem to be brow-beaten, insulted and threatened, yet who would exchange this, for that sickly, languid state existing in the pale regions of Pagan superstition, of Mohammedonism or Catholicism? Who does not prefer the invigorating, life-giving air of freedom, amid all the ruggedness and dangers of her mountain life, to basking a maniced and fettered slave in the luxury and sunshine of the plain?

HONOR.

There is scarce any word in our language, fraught with so much meaning, as the word honor. None so much loved—so much talked about—so much vaunted about—so much fought about. None the true import of which is so little understood. What then is honor, and whence? Honor is truth, justice and good principle in unity. It is that diamond virtue which sparkles in the breast of its possessor, whether he be a King in royal equipage, with a golden crown beset with the most precious oriental gems and begirt with all the insignia of dignity, power and dominion; or whether he be a mendicant, homeless and friendless, a drift upon the cold charities of a cold world.

It is too much perhaps to say that honor is a faculty or attribute of the mind, as the will, judgment, perception, memory and other innate faculties; but it is so deeply rooted in the mind and intimately connected with these—that a separation would require an analysis too metaphysical for the present occasion. Honor is one of those abstract virtues concerning which it is impossible to particularize. It is like that colorless, weightless, immaterial, darting fluid called light. What philosopher ever dared to say what light is? We can submit it to no chemical test, and although he can separate it into its primastic colors, yet his ignorance of it is profound. It is an effluvia

from the sun, moon and stars. God said let there be light, and there was light. We have it, feel its influence, see it and by it are all things seen; but nothing else of it is known. It is a familiar, but strange visitant from another sphere.

So it is with honor. We may say that truth, justice and virtue are the sources of honor—that it emanates from these, as light from the sun, moon and stars—that it is the chief excellence in man which constitutes merit—that it is Sir Isaac Newton's etherial medium, which circulates around the heart of the noble and magnanimous, and pervades all his thoughts, words and deeds—that it is that essential without which, society would be like a world without light. But to define honor abstractly, and positively, would be as daring as an attempt on the part of an astronomer, to tell us all about a star, by gazing upon it a lifetime, as it twinkles, high and far, in the skies.

As a mustard seed in a fertile soil, germinated by heat and moisture, attains a growth whereon the fowls of the air may alight and sport. So good principle is, the seed whence honor emanates—virtuous parents and propitious circumstances plant it—the mind its soil—truth and justice, as heat and moisture, sprout and nourish it, till it grows up a magnolia virtue in the breast of man. And as the intellect, its soil, is eternal, and truth and justice, the sources of its existence perpetual, so it is everlasting, an ever-green, ever-blossoming and ever-fragrant.

But honor is an attribute of the Deity himself, and of those loyal spirits, clad in spotless purity, crowned with unfading glory, and with palms of everlasting happiness in their hands, which are ever bowing and worshipping around the throne of the self-existent, self-named "I am that I am." And since man was created in the image, and formed and fashioned in the likeness of Jehovah—and since the mind or soul, of which honor is a natural or an adopted attribute, is naught but the infusion of God's self by himself into man; therefore it is reasonable that honor should be deemed a divine gift—a link between spirit in God and spirit in man through flesh—a golden, everlasting chain reached down from Heaven, by the hand of Omnipotence, to earth, to man.

In nature there is no principle to which there is not an

antagonistical one. Darkness would forever, swallow up and obscure light, and light would perpetually banish darkness. Heat and cold alternately in the ascendancy, are ever battling for sole supremacy. Between virtue and vice, truth and falsehood there is all the bitter and gall of hatred. Earth and ocean encroach each upon the other's dominions. The clouds clad in majesty and terror, upheaving to the zenith, with murmuring thunder and daring lightning challenge the still, silent, serene skies, to combat for the supremacy of space. And is honor without opposers? No: they are many and mighty, coeval if not coequal. In every breast in which truth, justice, virtue and benevolence have elected honor to preside, there is a disaffected party. Envy would oppose its many sided self in the path of honor—ghostly falsehood clad in darkness would hurl its barbed spear at this divine of virtues—slander, slimy, serpentine slander would coil its chill, deadening self around the fair form of honor. And can this gentle goddess survive queen of the virtues, thus opposed? As well may we ask, is God God of Heaven and earth, notwithstanding the rebellion which took place in his courts, and the councils and machinations of Pandemonium? Is the blue star-bespangled sky moved by the putrid exhalations from off all earth's stagnant waters? If not, then honor has naught to fear.

But to the true there is scarce a greater enemy than false honor; and the false nicely assimilates the true, but the detection is easy. True honor is either innate in our first nature or made so by education in our second. The false is assumed, put on and off with all the convenience of a cloak; and like a cloak, it is only upon, and hangs in folds around; there is contact, no union. False honor is like false curls and paint upon the cheeks of an emaciated harlot—it is a wig of another's hair, which removed, leaves the unfortunate wearer exposed and ridiculed. But true honor is within, uniting with the very essence of the soul—infolded with every fold of nature. It is seen in the clear outspeaking eye—it graces every smile—sweetens every frown, and in ringlets of complacency and kindness it festoons the brow of its possessor—it is ever comely.

W. A. A. A.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

A relish for the beauties of nature is both a characteristic and an essential of the poet. There is something in all of Nature's works congenial to the bard. Nature and men furnish the raw materials for his inventive brain to manufacture "miracles of art." No wonder, then, that poets love nature and almost deify it in song. The "Lakers," a class of descriptive poets, including Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson, betray in every line their admiration, ay! adoration of scenery. The intrinsic beauty of scenery must impress the soul before any should dare to write descriptive poetry. Perhaps no one has so well portrayed the mild beauties of rural scenery as the sad and gifted Cowper. Mournful was his heart at the woes of humanity; symphonious to the soft melody of our "glad-some earth." How different was Byron. Gloomy and stern in his misanthropy, he seemed to find something congenial in the rugged and wild. Like his own Manfred, he loved Alpine heights and their thundering avalanches; better suited far was he to sketch Nature in her sullen moods than to paint her lily beauties. If ever country presented a kaleidoscope of scenery, a perfect panorama of the grand and beautiful, America assuredly does. It has noble rivers, rising amid icy hills, and meeting the ocean beneath the burning skies of the south. It has mountains which, Titan-like, seem to war against Heaven. To one votary of the Muses it presents the hoary mountain, the river, and the ocean-like lake; to another it freely offers purling brooks and fairy haunts, as congenial subjects for his pen. But, perhaps, after all, our great mountains, stretching in a continuous chain throughout the Atlantic states, and forming a natural bond of union, are in uniqueness and grandeur of scenery unsurpassed.

Of the truth of this the writer was forcibly impressed in the autumn of 184—.

One pleasant afternoon, while on a visit to the Warm Springs, Va., he mounted à cheval proceeded with reasonable despatch, to visit a neighboring mountain remarkable for its magnificent view. It is situated in Middle Virginia, and is a spur of the Alleghanies.

The reader need not accompany us up the sides of the mountain, for it was both steep and rugged. A road, neither macadamized or turnpike, winds up towards the summit, but very impolitely descends on the other side before reaching it, leaving a quarter of a mile for visitors to test their skill in keeping their centre of gravity, in spite of perpendicular attraction. There is something expanding, exhilarating in ascending a lofty mountain; this any one must know who has ever stood on the round top of a graceful little hill. The scenery along the sides was highly picturesque, there were no marks of the pruning and fostering hand of man; but a wild blending of forest, rock, and turf made a natural landscape which Salvator would have given gold to paint. The summit is a long ridge, permitting considerable latitude of walk. As we walked along the ridge to its most prominent part, the scope of vision widened, until a small world was extended before the eye. Don't be scared, reader, we are not going to spout poetry, for unfortunately we are not gifted with the "fine frenzy," never mounted swift-winged Pegasus and never got a glimpse of Parnassus. The mountain appears to be more than half a mile above the surrounding country, and is remarkable among the many remarkable mountains of Virginia, "whose name is legion." The day was favorable to the view which was unobstructed in all directions. The sun was declining and shedding a mellowed and golden light over all the visible objects. Far to the east was seen the Blue Ridge, proverbially blue, skirting the horizon and blending its cerulean with the golden tints of the sky. Beyond the Blue Ridge are seen several counties shrunk, apparently into small plantations, and in Buckingham county, at a distance of about fifty miles, Willis's Mountain is dimly perceptible; it is noted for the looming appearance it puts on when the atmosphere is in a peculiar state. At the distance of about thirty miles to the southeast, the House Mountain was described; its name indicates its shape and interest. It is said the view from its summit is worth a long journey thither. To the north and west we saw some half dozen counties, covered as far as the eye could reach with virgin forests, so wild and unbroken that one could scarce believe that the red man had deserted them more than half a century

ago. And to crown all, the big Alleghanies, giant-like, seemed, on the western side, to menace all things and beautifully contrasted with the more graceful Blue Ridge. The east and southeast presented more marks of man, mingling cheerfulness with the solemnity inspired by graver objects. Here and there, were seen winding roads, cultivated, land and curling smoke, all speaking of the toil, the intellect and the avocations of men. The mind darts on variety—a succession of objects, and this explains, in some degree, the high pleasure arising from mountain views. How much does a lofty mountain reveal of earth! Creation is mapped out for the beholder, and a specimen of all the great objects of nature is presented. At the foot of the mountain we beheld the white cottages of the Warm Springs, and black spots moving to and fro, which were in reality fellow mortals exercising themselves. We fear we are growing prolix; we scarcely expect any one to be as much interested as we were who saw all this with eye corporeal. As we gazed on the sister mountains around, and saw their graceful outlines describing diagrams of beauty upon a spotless canvass, we felt that Willis spoke truth when he said—

“The mountains of Virginia,
How beautiful to view!
From some commanding eminence,
Their stretching lines of blue.”

What would Christopher North, with his enthusiastic love of nature, give to stand on our noble mountains, and view our still, noble landscapes? What need is there for Americans to visit Alps abroad for they have Alps at home?

Not only do mountains impart grandeur to scenery, and furnish landmarks by sea and land, but they are arsenals of health, creating refreshing breezes and furnishing chrysal water. It is good, now and then, to visit their peaks. There is something about them, so calmly still, so solemnly majestic, that the heart in every pulse beats sympathetic. Then it is that the intellect comprehends the marvellous scope and mechanism of the eye; the soul revels in the order and variety of creation, and sound logic with steady finger points at an Omniscient, First Great Cause.

Much that is venerable in history is associated with mountains. The ark of our progenitor rested on Ararat, upon a high mountain the Saviour confounded the adversary of men, from Pisgah Moses saw "the land of promise," and on Sinai's top were given the holy commandments, amid the thunders of the living God. C.

PASSION.

Man, both in his moral and physical organization, is "fearfully and wonderfully made." In one the metaphysician, and in the other the physiologist, discovers beauties which excite his admiration as well as mysteries which baffle his profoundest research. The anatomy of the corporeal system has, indeed, been analysed and its beautiful mechanism developed; but who has yet explained the principle of life, by which it is animated and without which it were an inert mass? Learned investigation, too, has advanced far in the philosophy of mind, yet how many of its phenomena remain inexplicable or undefined subjects of consciousness! Between these two elements of the human constitution—matter and mind—there also exists a mutual relation no less mysterious. How they are so blended in man, that the latter, by the simple exercise of its volitions, should dictate and control every action of the former, and how that should so sympathise with this as to languish in its weakness and invigorate in its strength, are ultimate facts for which no reason has been assigned.

But there is no principle entering into the composition of humanity more unaccountable in its relations to both body and mind than passion. It is the making or destruction, the joy or misery of the one—the health or disease, the life or death of the other; for it is alike intimately associated with both. It is a dutiful subject, but a tyrannical master. Its rule is anarchy, its subjection peace. Upon the character its influence is all-potent, and may almost be called the standard by which it must be estimated. Some persons are all intellect—others, all passion.

Some possess nothing but reasoning faculties—others, nothing but impulsive propensities. The former are like learned icebergs—the latter like suffocating volcanoes. Excellence, rather than in a preponderance of either, consists in an equilibrium of the two principles. As that is the best and happiest government whose branches of power are most judiciously balanced, so that is the best regulated character wherein mind and passion occupy their legitimate relations, and each qualifies the extreme of the other. In the physical frame, health, strength and beauty depend upon the harmonious action of its organs and the symmetrical growth of its members; so also in the moral, virtue and every high principle of character results from the equal cultivation and mutual subserviency of mind and passion. In the former a disproportioned or distorted feature creates an unsightly deformity—in the latter, an overgrown or disordered faculty produces an unnatural prodigy or a monomaniac. The prevalence of passion over moral principle constitutes the human monster or brute. Its subordination to the physical capacity engenders disease and sows the seeds of death—its ascendancy over mind begets moral turpitude and ruin.

Yet passion is as indispensably essential to the completion of character as mind—as conducive to human happiness as exalting to human nature. To the mind, it is the source of the happiest and most generous emotions—to the body, its temperate gratification affords the highest joys of sense—to both, it is the only stimulus to action. The loftiest aspirations, the noblest sympathies, and most magnanimous sentiments of the soul spring from it—all that urges on to greatness in every department of life, the study, the forum, or the field. Passionate ardor in pursuit of an end will almost always ensure its attainment. A passion for any particular calling will ever be rewarded with eminence; for it is as natural to excel in that which we love, as to love that in which we excel. It excites to that patient perseverance which is the secret of success in every enterprise. It animates the student in his midnight toil, kindles in the heart, glows in the eye, and burns in the impassioned eloquence of the orator; and, in the hour of deadly conflict, stirs the prowess and nerves the arm of the patriot hero contending for his country's rights. The

easel of the painter beams with the transcribed passions of the artist; and the statuary of the sculptor wants but life to speak it from every feature. Passion is the inspiration and the music of the poet's song. It is the soul of verse, the witchery of its charm. Poetry, unwarmed by the fervor of passion, is stiff, chill and lifeless as a corse. Like the clear, cold beauty of the Alps, clad in glaciers and snow, it may be admired, but will never touch the sympathies of the soul. The poet must entwine and enliven his theme with

"The wild-flower wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart."

But passion, as it is the source of the highest virtue and purest pleasure, is moreover that of the basest vices and most poignant misery. Its perversion or excess, renders it a curse instead of a blessing, and brings death into the world and all our woe. When vicious men are enabled by their genius to obtain its mastery in another's breast, it becomes the instrument of untold evil. When Byron sweeps the lyre and strikes the cord of passion, the bewitching sorcery of its sound holds his victim entranced, while "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" inflame him with a kindred fire, and he unconsciously imbibes his sentiments and participates in his unhappy spirit. The tender susceptibility of youth too oft yields to the deep, still under-current of passion which meanders through all his productions, and is borne down its tide till, beyond recovery, he iswhelmed in moral ruin. Ambitious men gain and abuse this power for purposes of self-aggrandisement; and ambition itself, wholesomely restrained, a spur to vigorous action in useful enterprise, when unreined "rules like a mountain devil in the breast"—and, when thwarted or crushed, degenerates into "evil-eyed" envy or "green-eyed" jealousy, passions which demons know, but brutes are guiltless of. Let me not be destitute of passion, but let me never be its victim nor its slave.

A.

Page

TO MARY —.

When I forget thee, Mary mine,
 No dew will fall, nor stars will shine,
 No wind at sweetest evening rove,
 When I forget or cease to love.

The sea with every rolling wave,
 Shall cease its whiten'd shores to lave,
 The sun himself shall cease to shine,
 Ere I forget thee, Mary, mine.

No lavish May shall ever bloom,
 Or flowers exhale their sweet perfume,
 No songsters warble in the grove,
 When I forget or cease to love.

C.L.

TEARS.

"The tears of man in various measures gush
 From various sources : gently overflow
 From blissful transport, some from clefts of woe,
 Some with ungovernable impulse rush !
 And some coeval with the earliest flush
 Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
 Their pearly lustre, coming but to go :
 And some break forth when other's sorrows crush
 The sympathising heart."

It has been truly said that man was made to mourn, and as we look into the history of humanity, as we listen to the deep strains of woe which float upon our ears from the long and dreary past, we cannot but feel that sorrow is indeed the common lot of all.

In youth, in manhood, and in age, sorrow alike intrudes, and the wide world contains no Eden spot of perfect peace. The splendid castles built by the light fancy of youth fall and crumble into ruin, the long and deeply meditated projects of manhood's prime, alike fail and are frustrated, and the hopes of a green and peaceful old age, lovely in the beauty of its calmness, all are nipped in the bud, or if not so early, at least are blasted ere they yield fruition.

Sorrow is indeed our portion, but amidst the depth and poignancy of grief, and the darkness of disappointment, there is yet a solace and comfort found in tears. We know not how it is, but there certainly is a kind of disarming, soothing, gentle influence, belonging to the tears of an overflowing heart, which nothing else can give. Whether the mourner be one of creation's lords strong in might, or whether it be a weak and tender female bosom that is rent in sorrow, still there belongs to this out-burst of feeling a something no less beautiful than sad.

There are some who say we should not weep—that no sorrow is so deep that it should bring a tear—and with philosophical coolness, say, tears cannot wipe away the grief, they cannot heal the wounded spirit or make the bruised whole. Such surely are void of feeling, and most certainly should not lay claim to the sympathy of man. If tears cannot wipe away the grief, they can assuage it, and in no period of life can there be found any whose light or heavy sorrows are not alleviated by indulging in tears. There is a *luxury* in tears. The poor downcast pilgrim, travelling through the interminable desert, weary and full of sorrow, sits down and weeps, his heart becomes warmed and cheered, and on he goes rejoicing in hope of a speedy end to his toils, The lonely mariner as he paces the midnight watch and thinks of home with all its joys, oft dashes the tear from his eye, and looks up to smile in hope.

There seems to be a satisfying nature in a full and free flow of tears; the heart appears to be revived, the spirit wears new vigor and becomes endowed with strength. And as the lovely tender flowerets of summer spread forth new beauties after genial showers, so the human soul seems so to rise in new strength and put forth nobler efforts after the gentle rain of tears. The ardent, devoted maiden clinging around her departing lover bathes herself in tears, and then leaves him with sorrow yet with calmness, and as in his protracted absence, fear rises in her mind, she goes to weep alone, and as she weeps, she brightly hopes that all will yet be well. Tears seem to be the showers which make the heart to flourish green they flow in refreshing streams over its parched soil, and thence send forth its full ripe fruits; they seem to be sparkling jewels of a deep, rich mine, and as it were, shining

links which bind our souls to the tender and the beautiful in life. Sad indeed would be our grief, if the fountains of the tears were ever dry, dark indeed would be our lot were there no tears to shed. Cold must be the heart that can permit the lips to say, there's no bliss in tears, and that to weep is unworthy of humanity. Such may be the voice of the dull and soulless, such may be the sentiment of dried up feeling, but he who is fully imbued with a sense of the truly beautiful, who can appreciate the loveliness of our nature, rejoices to say there is a luxury in tears.

When a heavy veil of sadness comes over the young spirit and there is none found to sympathize with it and share the grievous burden, it is a precious relief to turn aside and weep and if it be broken down under a sense of inflicted wrong, if it burns under injuries and mourns in bitterness or grief, it is a luxury to go alone, and in solitude to shed the silent tear which calms the agitated breast.

There is a noble *beauty* in tears. It is touching and beautiful to see the proud spirit bend and break, the tender emotions and gushing feelings which belong to our nature brought into action, long pent up grief at last burst forth, and exhaust itself in tears, and to behold the re-animation of the inner man. Surely the angels would love to linger and witness the soft and gentle beauty of human feeling as it thus shines forth in tears, and though proud man is often found ashamed to weep, though hearts that are "cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow" stand out against such weakness, as it's styled, still these rich streams that roll such peace upon the soul, seem to have sprung from a fountain that flows far above the skies.

There is an eloquence in tears. The rough and hardy man whose countenance bespeaks his iron heart, and tells of nothing tender there, is made to *feel* when tears are shed, and though he may disregard entreaty, and scorn the voice of threatening, yet he bends and yields at seeing the face of the pleader bathed in tears; the tyrant of nations firm upon his throne cannot resist their force; the unrelenting savage breast is made to yield with enthusiastic wonder, and his arm is struck powerless, as these dew-drops of feeling fall upon the cheek. Words may flow like honey from the lips of wisdom, figures of speech may please the ear and expressions of force may even captivate the will, but it is reserved for tears

to stir up feeling in the heart, and cause the spirit to rouse within us. This is the oratory of the soul, this the livingenthusiastic reality of eloquence, this the mighty power which acts upon the motives and enters into the secret chambers of the mind.

"HOW BLESSINGS BRIGHTEN AS THEY TAKE THEIR FLIGHT.

Few men are willing to adopt the sentiment of Lord Bacon, that "the virtue of prosperity is temperance and the virtue of adversity is fortitude." There is a principle of earthiness in men's affections, which compels him to regard objects of an ephemeral nature as enduring. The voice of nature cries out to him continually :

"The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss, it breaks at every breeze."

Experience, with an aspect of severity and sternness, presents to his lips the bitter chalice, and he is compelled to drain it to the dregs; the effect of this is not always like that of the soothing opiate to lull him into forgetfulness, but it harrows up his most tender sensibilities, and in the bitterness of his soul he exclaims, "what shadows we are, what shadows we pursue!" he sees that blessings

"flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed,
But long ere night, cut down it lies
All withered and decayed."

Of course the prelude to a loss of blessings causes different effects upon different individuals, yet there are few even among those whose course is heavenward, who *do* exhibit that calmness and composure in such an hour which characterizes them when basking in the smiles of prosperity, it has been remarked that "no grief is so intense as that which does not find relief in tears." When a man is about to lose an object dear to his heart, and sees no hope of regaining it, almost the first impulse of nature is an effusion of tears, his

eyes are bedewed with the transparent fluid which seems to possess a magnifying power, and forms are imaged of the cherished object upon the retina of his mind, much larger and brighter than the real one.

Man has desires which lead him to regard day dreams as realities, disappointments crowd him at every step in his progress, and the language of Time is; "Blessings will take their flight;" but however true these words may be, they are lightly esteemed by him; he is unwilling to lend his ears to such dolorous sounds; it is owing to this that he is not prepared to form a proper estimate of his blessings until they are gone. The unhappy invalid is prepared to make a proper value of the blessings of health, when the siren song of unhallowed enjoyments has enticed him into the snares of a deadly disease, as he now looks before him and sees death the destroyer, standing with open arms ready to receive him, he casts a lingering look behind, and oh! what a heart-rending sight meets his eye. Health, his former companion, now like a departing spirit has left him; he gazes upon the receding form; how gladly would he recall it; but it is too late! the longer he looks, the more beautiful does it appear; now he can truly realize, "How blessings brighten as they take their flight."

Man is a social being, he cannot live alone, he seeks the company of others, fond associations are formed, based upon the true laws of friendship. These associations afford him some of the most select blessings that man is capable of enjoying. In the society of congenial spirits everything contributes to his happiness, but a familiarity with social blessings creates an indifference for them, and here again he knows not their true value until deprived of them; he may be summoned to depart, everything must wear a different aspect—the cords of friendship must be unloosed, the most tender and endearing alliances must be sundered. In such a time memory brings up before him all the sweet moments of intercourse, every kind office, every friendly look and word, every pleasant association; he now indeed begins to feel that he is losing a rich treasure—everything connected with it seems to woo him back; but it is too late; now he must submit to the loss, and mournfully repeat "How blessings brighten as they take their flight."

Man possesses a love of fame, he longs to wear the coronet

of popular applause, there is no music so sweet to his soul as the blast from the trump of renown, all his efforts are directed to reach, an eminence, upon which he can stand and hear the loud plaudits of his fellow-mortals; and he may indeed attain such an eminence; his vain spirit may be abundantly flattered, and he may revel in hopes of unmingled and increasing pleasures. But sad experience soon teaches him the folly of garnering up such hopes; a change comes over the spirit of his dream; his airy bubbles have exploded, and he sees what an ancient philosopher wished to be reminded of, that he is but a man. How does his enfeebled spirit now look up to his airy castle? In a mad enthusiasm he desires again to be reinstated; images of his former renown flit before his bewildered imagination and teach him that the blessings of fame "brighten as they take their flight."

Man is actuated, by a desire of becoming independent, to sacrifice upon the altar of Mammon, many of the endearments of life, to waste the greater part of his existence here and to deny himself many of the comforts which the God of Nature has provided for him, for the simple purpose of laying his hands upon huge heaps of glittering dust and of exclaiming, "these are mine;" he has no presages of poverty and want. But alas! here the wand is applied to his eyes, the film falls off, and he sees clearly that riches can take to themselves wings and fly away; he sees his possessions and gold fast receding from his sight like mist from a western prairie, when the morning sun beams upon it. In such an hour he can easily realize how the blessings of riches "brighten as they take their flight."

Man possesses a love of freedom. Many illustrious examples are recorded to show the power of this love; it has caused some of the most noble achievements that man has ever performed. It was the love of freedom that actuated Leonidas and three hundred brave Spartans to sacrifice their lives at Thermopyla; that is a noble inscription upon their monument, "Oh, stranger, tell it to the Lacedamonians that we lie here in obedience to her commands." Our own native land has been the theatre of no less remarkable exploits, and it is no doubt destined to produce the greatest illustrations of the love of freedom that the world has ever witnessed. But we cannot, notwithstanding the existence

of this love in our hearts, fathom the blessings of liberty, until our banner, which

"like a deathful meteor gleamed afar
And braved the mighty monarchs of the world,"

shall no longer be permitted to kiss the breeze of heaven—and when internal commotions and foreign aggressions shall have caused the American patriot to exclaim, "my whole head is sick and my whole heart is faint"—in the hour when the sun of liberty is about to set, and when the eagles of freedom begin to take their flight from our beloved land, then may we indeed exclaim, "How the blessings of liberty brighten as they take their flight."

These words are fraught with solemnity, and can be applied to the departure of any blessing. When the heavens shall have departed as a scroll when it is rolled together, and a class of disembodied spirits shall stand around the throne of Heavenly Majesty, permitted to take a last look upon the blessings which had been proffered them upon the earth, but which they had rejected. In an hour before the curtain falls, and the words "*gone forever*" fall heavily upon the ear, how sublime then will be the words, "How the blessings of *Eternity* brighten as they take their flight!

EDITORS' TABLE.

Readers! a hearty welcome; be seated, one and all. We are of those who admire the plain-spoken brevity of hearty salutation. Unaffected warmth of soul never clothes itself in the recherche drapery of rhetorical display, a native fervor of expression is its wont. You have been welcomed to the board of the Monthly's festivities; but we are by no means sanguine that you will be acceptably entertained. We fear that the sombreness of aspect too generally observed on this occasion, may be congenial to few; nor would it reflect upon the good taste of the many, that they look for a more liberal sprinkling of the salt of wit, for the contributors to the Monthly have at this time, as customarily, left it for us to compensate by a few desperate jeu-de-mots for the strange and lamentable dearth of genuine jeu d'esprit.

It would be well did a more sportive, lively and racy style relieve of its monotonous sedateness the essay of the student. This, it has ever appeared to us, is a matter of greater moment than is generally admitted; for we consider this prosiness the characteristic fault of "The Monthly," and confidentially believe that should the humorous and vivacious more abound, and the contributors remember, that

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men,"

the prospects of this periodical would be essentially changed for the better, since it would redeem its reputation for deacon-gravity of countenance.

But we have other duties to perform than those of reproof and general advice. In the mass of communications before us, there is much prose too prosy, rhyme neither poetry nor reason, and poetry "neither rhyme nor reason." Under which division to class the effusion of "H," we will not decide, but would, in the kindness of our heart, advise him to undeceive himself at the earliest convenient opportunity, as the most convenient for others and assuredly so for himself, (from the evident indications of severe labor the article bears) we would suggest the present occasion; and if, friend, you sagely conclude to burthen the willow with your harp, don't think of removing it "to strike music" for the next Monthly. We really thought with the author when we first opened the communication, that it was poetry, inasmuch as there was a large margin on either side of the lines, and to begin each a capital letter; but verily appearances are deceitful, reader! Forgive us, we will administer a few lines; prepare for it!

"Yet dreams he of a day, not far off too,
When he may live not distantly from thee.

Thy fondness sweet'neth memory,
Thy absence sorrow him doth gain."

We respectfully beg leave to coincide; for you observe, he refers to the pleasure of her memory, and the severe pain accompanying such labor as the production of those lines. We can worthily appreciate the depth of that sorrow which should prompt him to an effort so prodigious and painful.

"Thy absence sorrow him doth gain."

It is a matter of regret that Blair could not have had access to this line to add to these sentences, "into this hole thrust themselves

three Roman Senators," "war at this time there was none." We should, however, commend in it what is a rare quality—good penmanship. We should be glad to hear from "H," travelling on the "terra firma of prose," for we should judge from the article that he was a respectable prose writer.

Peregrinus tells us a story which we read with emotions the most startling, and though somewhat fearful of its effects upon the sensitive reader, we venture to give

"THE THRILLING STORY OF HUGH ATKINSON."

"Now, gentle folks, to me draw near
A doleful story you shall hear,
Of one Hugh Atkinson by name,
Who lately into Westfield came.

He went one Tuesday morning it seems,
In company with his brother Jeems,
To cut one huge umbrageous tree,
The top being dead as you might see.

They cut it down right at the stump,
And the top being dead, down fell a chunk,
Which struck poor Jeems upon the head,
And killed him tho' he wer'nt quite dead.

The neighbors gathered in a minute,
And dug a hole and put Jeems in it,
The sermon preach, did Abel Brown,
Who lately had arrived in town.

PEREGRINUS.

We insert the accompanying note:

"MESSRS. EDITOR—Should you think the above lines worthy a place in your Monthly, you are welcome to them, and should you at any time want a poem, my muse is at your service. P."

Whatever may be our opinion of this humbler of the "Τραγῶδισ-τος," we have concluded to give his "poem" a place, and that a conspicuous one, in the "Monthly." There is one weighty objection to the article, we consider it incomplete, since there are two parties, probably, to whom he did not allude—this verse was probably omitted;

They went and they told the sexton,
And the sexton he tolled the bell,
That he poor Jeem's age might tell,
When felling a tree, poor Jeem's fell.

Peregrinus, in his travels, has reached this location before and in the same garb—we urge him to habit himself in a different dress, for we know this is not that which most becomes him.

We have received a very interesting specimen of humility in the form of a letter, accompanying an article signed "Homo." We have the honor to present the note to our readers:

MA. EDITOR—Without being excessively proud, I am at least, at all times, decidedly opposed to being cut, especially by an editor; and if, therefore, my piece suit not your most excellent taste, don't mutilate and then publish, but consign it to the flames or any other corner of your sanctum."

We did not hesitate a twinkling to comply with "Homo's" request: It grieves us that "Homo" is so decidedly opposed to being cut, especially by an editor, for two reasons—first, because if he often writes such articles as that in question, (unless his sensitiveness be considerably blunted,) the consequences are much to be dreaded; and second, that he has imposed on us the sad duty of "cutting him dead." We did indeed purpose at first, by a short puff in the table, not to "cut him quite so dead" as to exclude the article from that, but were unable to decide which passage most needed criticism. Friend "Homo," your article was not manly, much less your note.

"E. R." is informed that his verses on "The Sun" are somewhat too sublime in sentiment for our apprehension. The verse below is a fair sample of the impressively grand style in which he clothes his original thoughts:

"The sun stands midway in the heavens,
Alone in its dazzling brilliancy,
Who can justly tell its majestic
Glory in this its zenith power?"

We humbly trust that "E. R." has not reached the zenith of his power. It is not perhaps just to discourage those who aim at the sun, but though in many instances the adage holds good, that those who do shoot higher than others, yet is it certain that in every case of failure, the fall is greater and more conspicuous. We would at least suggest to "E. R." if he has really arrived at the culminating point, that when he next finds himself in mood to write poetry like the above, to make no more of his meditations than a *soliloquy*, nor *solace* himself with a *solitary* thought that by such *solecism* he shall cast one ray of light upon the minds of our readers. He no doubt was awaiting a total eclipse of all other articles, upon the appearance of the Monthly.

"E. R." spent at least five minutes writing the very comely article he was so kind as to send us; his novel style of penmanship or rather variety of novel styles were decidedly engaging, that is to say, engaged our attention some hour or more in decyphering the scrawl; the correctness of orthography was quite entertaining and the design of the whole article (which had no caption, since it was

impossible to give it any) was really interesting, or might have been, had there been any design.

"The silence which pervades around it is calculated to fill the writer with *censations* of no ordinary nature. . . . Whilst thus *rapped* up in contemplation he perceived something advancing towards him; as it approached he perceived it was either a man or woman."

Our "*censations* were of no ordinary nature" on reading this, and our Editorial dignity relaxed several degrees, in so much that we contemplated *rapping* the author quite smartly, should we meet him, though he would not then be *rapped up* by our contemplation, he most certainly would be *rapped down*.

The verses addressed "to Lydia B." were of considerable merit and would not perhaps have been rejected had the nature of the article been different. We think the author, "*Overs*," could write a prose article well worthy of admission, and such as would justify him in signing it *Tis*.

The lines which "A. W." would feign have sent to "Mary H." through the pages of the Monthly, are very respectfully declined. By the merest accident, he has omitted to make known to his readers that a large portion of his article was quoted, and as regards the remainder, we submit a few to their judgment.

"There is one who would cherish and love the least ringlet
That floats o'er your young cheek, or kisses your neck;
Who would guard every wave of your exquisite winglet,
And toil for earth's treasures your beauty to deck."

That's

"Pouring forth the easy rhyme's harmonious flow."

Can "A. W." tell us whether "rhyme or reason" suggested the third line above quoted. Our idea of the "wave of an exquisite winglet," is to say the least, most vague. Surely with many

"Rhyme, the rudder is of verses,
With which like ships they steer their courses."

again:

"And I sit dreaming o'er and o'er again,
They greeting, clasp."

Had "A. W." waked up when he wrote his article?

"City Verdancy" so justly satirises a disgraceful custom very prevalent in our little college world, that we will quote from it, enough if possible, to give "the drift" of the whole. It was however inexcusable "verdancy" on the part of the writer, to suppose it would be accepted as an article. After alluding to the animation and confusion accompanying the great influx of students at the commencement of the year—the poet proceeds:

"Among all these a new one came
A spruce young man who bore the name
Of ———, he wore a white hat,
A full sack coat and a low cravat.

* * * * *

By dint of his and other's drinking,
Without a deuced bit of thinking,
He now had rid himself of cash,
From him it sloped just like a flash.

Why this said ——— will never do,
Some cash I'll have, and that to
Right quick, some clothes I'll sell
I'll do it I trow right slick and well,

In comes a friend, out come the clothes,
Where a man is young, says——, I vow he grows
So fast, he scarce can wear his clothes at all,
Fifteen dollars buys the coat, it cost of thirty all.

The writer here tells us that ——— having one morning dressed himself with much taste and care for prayers, he

Stepped out the door, when lo, upon the wall
"Old Clothes for sale, by old ———,"
And likewise "Old boots" was seen
By his two eyes, painted in green.

Now all new fellers one and all
Take warning from the case of ———,
Don't be so fast to open a store,
For fear of a blazing sign on your door.

If our readers do not admire the artistic beauty and chasteness of expression of the few verses just quoted, they surely are unable to appreciate the sublimity of Milton, the gentle beauty of Cowper or the fascinating harmony of Moore. It will be observed, that the author tells us, not only that the friends of ——— in their compassion hung out a sign for him gratis, but that when deep sleep was over him, they performed the more delicate feat of painting his eyes in green,—surely

Strained invention ever on the wing
Alone impel the modern bard to sing.

We have not yet administered the usual amount of senioric Editorial counsel; but we must again revert seriously to a matter of vital moment—the contributions of articles. If the students generally were aware of the actual labor and excessive annoyance now absolutely requisite to "the getting up of a Monthly," they would surely bestir themselves to do somewhat nearer their duty. As editors we feel obligated to take for our motto "*carpere et colligere*," to do more is beyond our province. Were the truth of this appreciated in its fulness, the labors of the Editorial department would be lighter, its trials and vexations less harassing. Labors, trials, and vexations, turn not aside with a sneer. Such reader, would be your doom, should you ever stake fortune and reputation in the hazardous enterprise of conducting the Monthly. Is it no labor continually to support the weight and magnificence of official dignity; no trial to crush, in all their fairness the budding promise of the youthful aspirant; no vexation to solicit every article to be published, or to dun the student who has not had a remittance for a month; indeed we have often felt very much like pawning our best brass watch-key in the emergency.

In editing this Monthly our aspiration were not bold, and we shall have attained the height of our ambition should we

"Revive but once a generous wish suppressed,
Chase but a sigh, or charm a care to rest
In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,
Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy."